



The Boild Shoulder of Mutton

BEN JOHNSON's

LAST LEGACY

TO THE

Sons of WIT, MIRTH, and JOLLYTRY;

CONTAINING

| | | |
|------------------------|-----------|--------------------------|
| Complete JESTS, | | EPITAPHS, |
| RIDDLES, | | ACROSTICKS, |
| EPIGRAMS, | | ANAGRAMS, &c. |

To which is added,

**A DRUNKEN ORATION, as it was performed
at the THEATRE ROYAL in COVENT GARDEN,
by that inimitable Comedian Mr. SHUTER, in the
Character of HIPSLEY's DRUNKEN MAN.**

The SECOND EDITION.

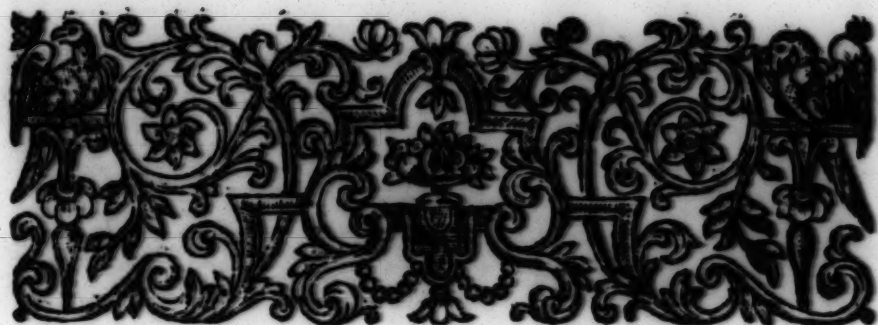
L O N D O N :

**Printed for EDWARD ROBINSON, and SOLD by A. and C.
CORBETT at ADDISON's Head in Fleet-street. Price 1s.**

**Where may be had (lately published, Price 1s. 6d) A TREA-
TISE on the VIRTUES of a CRUST of BREAD eat EARLY
in a MORNING FASTING, by NICHOLAS ROBINSON,
M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, and
Physician to CHRIST Hospital, London. 1756.**

N. B. Be careful to ask for BEN JOHNSON's Legacy.





FROM

BEN JOHNSON,

Now residing in the Lower Regions,
To all Good Fellows, Jolly Blades,
Bucks, Bloods, &c. in *Great Bri-*
tain.

I DO not speak out of *Vanity*, but have the
Consolation to declare, I now live a jo-
vial Life, and am more honoured and ca-
rest than ever I was in my own Country (as
the Frenchman says) for I always have the
Honour to sit next to his *Infernal Devilship* at
Table, which is much better (at least I think
so) than supping one Night with my Lord at
the *Rose*, and the next Night go to Bed supper-
less in a Garret, which was too often the Case.
I suppose you have pretended Critics in abun-
dance,

dance, but they are not to be minded by me ; and the best Advice I am capable of giving them is, not to spend their Judgment so very fast, nor be quite so generously inclined as to part with that which they may come to want themselves. I fancy they must have Work enough now on their hands, for I am informed the Town was never so pester'd with Political Scribbling as it is at present : But I believe if you had no Political Scribes it would be much better for the Nation in general ; but there can be no Remedy for this sort of People, unless they venture so very deep in their Politicks as not to be able to get out of the Mud, I mean when they are properly rewarded for their extraordinary Productions. But such Scribblers as these are not to be regarded, because, for a Dinner they would write (for 'tis absurd to think they must not eat) till they had set half the People in England together by the Ears.

Politicks, when properly made use of, is certainly the Strength of a Nation ; but when improperly conducted, is its Bane : It must be very merry and diverting to hear a poor low Mechanick (whose Intelligence perhaps comes
from

from Mr. Thomas the Footman) talking with great warmth about a Treaty with France, or we must raise so much Money in such a Time (with great Elocution as he thinks) or else we shall be undone, &c. with a Pot of Beer in his Hand ready to whet his whistle with, must appear extravagantly drole both in his Figure and Discourse. I may venture to say, you have at this present Time, as many again poor Politicians as poor Poets; but I confess 'tis a consummate bold Assertion, for Poetry and Poverty are always inseparable Companions. But at this juncture of Time, the Love of Politicks seems to be the universal Passion, even from his Lordship down to poor Tom Errant the Porter, who will sit half the Day at an Alehouse, spending both Time and Money, not much to the Advantage of the State, but Detriment of himself and Family, with as easy and negligent an Air as my Lord does at White's, allowing him a little more Room for his Elbows.

I should not have troubled any body with my Smoke-dry'd Jests (for we have Plenty

of Booksellers and Printers in our sulphurous Dominions) only I thought a Manuscript might be of Service to my honest Friend Ned Robinson; and I hope it will give no small (but great) Satisfaction to my kind and courteous Readers. And as I am at present beholden to no great Man or great Woman in your Metropolis, therefore I shall not seek for Patronage by a fulsome flattering Dedication (for 'tis the Stone of Sisyphus, and the Thirst of Tantalus, to do dirty Work and not be paid for it); therefore I shall chearfully resign it to the Perusal of all those who have Good-nature enough to relish a Jest, tho' not their own; and as for the rest (as my Lord Rochester says) Their envious Censure I account my Fame.

These are the Thoughts of

Your most obedient Servant,

BEN JOHNSON,
*Poet Laureat to his most Sulphurous
 and Infernal Majesty Beizebub.*



J E S T S.

On a poor Parson.

A POOR Parson being obliged to dine at a Cook's Shop, called for three pennyworth of Beef and Cabbage; not long after Dinner, he met an Acquaintance of his, who asked him if he had dined; the Clergyman willing to appear great, told him he dined with the Bishop of *Piccadilly* on a Brace of Larks. The Gentleman told him, I thought so, for I see you have one of the Feathers sticking to your Band; (which was nothing but a bit of Cabbage.)

How to know the right Father of a Child.

A Wench that lived in a Knight's Service was got with Child, and brought to bed of a goodly Boy; before it was publickly known in the House, after her Uprising being examined before a Justice of the Peace to know who was the Father of the Child, she said, she could not tell; for there were two of the Knight's Servants that had to do with her at the same Time; whereof one was a Welchman the other an Englishman. One of them, she said, was the Father, but which of the two she was not certain. This doubtful Case put the Justice in a great Quandary upon which of them to lay the Charge of bringing up the Child; but the Clerk said he would soon decide the Controversy whose the Child was; and there-

upon went into the Kitchen and toasted a bit of Cheefe, and then brought it and offered it the Child, putting it to his Mouth, which made the Child to cry, refusing it as much as it could: Whereupon the Clerk said, Upon my Life the Welchman is not the Father of it; for if he were it would eat toasted Cheefe at a Day old.

On L A T I N.

A Company of Country Fellows disputing of Learning, and what a crooked, hard, and intricate a Thing it was to be a good Scholar: Truly, says one, and so it is, for I have heard your best Latin is near * *Crooked Lane*.

Old *Jobson* and his Wife sitting together over a Mug of good Ale, says she to him, Lord, Husband, I have got the Head-ach: Why, you brazen Baggage, said he, I am the Head, 'tis only your Pate that aches.

The King of Sweden's Goose.

The King of *Sweden* coming to a Town of his Enemies with a very little Company; they, to slight his Force, did hang out a Goose for him to shoot at: But perceiving before Night, that these few Soldiers had invaded and set their chiefeft Holds on Fire, they demanded of him what his Intent was? to whom he answered, To roast your Goose.

Johannes Erigena, surnamed *Scotus*, a Man renowned for Learning, sitting at Table opposite to *Charles* the Bald; the Emperor merrily asked him, What was the Difference between a *Scot* and a *Sot*? To which he made answer, the Table.

Winefridus, born at *Kirton* in *Devonshire*, after surnamed *Boniface*, who converted *Friesland* to Christianity, was wont to say in old Time, there were Golden Prelates and Wooden Chalices; but in his Time, Wooden Prelates and Golden Chalices.

* Merchant Taylors School.

A lewd

A lewd wicked Priest being reprov'd of his loose Life, and told that he and the rest of the Clergy ought to be Lanthorns of Light: How can that be (said the Priest) when the Laymen have all the Horns?

One being much abused by a Miller, the Fellow at last told him, that he thought there was nothing more valiant than the Collar of a Miller's Shirt; and being asked what Reason he had to think so? he answered, Because every Morning it had a Thief by the Neck.

A good Wife whose Husband had been a Journey, the Night he came home provided a very nice Dish of Lambs Stones for his Supper; at Table she helps him to the nicest Part, which is called the Inch Pin, but he told her he had enough: No, my Dear, says she, you have none of this hardly.

An ancient Tradesman living in *London*, had a Wife who delighted much in Drefs; upon a Time walking abroad with other Women her Neighbours, they espied a pair of Silk Stockings upon her Legs, which made them not to let their Husbands live in quiet till they also had the like; their Husbands, unwilling to be at that Charge, and yet loth to displease their Wives, went to the ancient Gentleman and said, Sir, your Wife's Pride hath spoiled all ours, for since she hath worn Silk Stockings, our Wives have grown so importunate, that they must needs have the like. Oh my good Neighbours (said the Gentleman) I have great Cause for doing so, for since I cannot please my Wife above the Knees, I must needs please her below the Knees; and the only Way to please a Woman is to let her have her Way.

A Gentleman and his Huntsman.

A Gentleman that used to hunt very much, being at the Fall of a mighty Stag, whilst he was breaking open, he began to fall into Discourse with his Huntsman, averring that no Creature on earth had a more thick and tough Skin than a well-grown Stag: To which the Huntsman answered; Sir, if it be not an Offence to correct you, I

can tell you of a Creature that has a tougher Skin than any Stag in the Forest. His Master desired to know what Creature that was : The Huntsman told him, a Cuckold's Skin ; for, says he, I never met with any Stag whose Hide was so tough but that his Horns would break out and branch from his Brows ; but the Skin of a Cuckold's Forehead is so hard and impenetrable, that be his Horns never so wide and large, they are kept so within that they are never known to be outwardly visible.

The Spanish Soldier.

A *Spanish* Soldier being sick, expecting Death every Moment, made his Will, bequeathing amongst other Things his Pistol in an especial Manner to his Physician ; who demanding his Reason for so doing, O Sir (said he) that Instrument joined with your Practice, you need not fear but you may kill whom you please.

A Country Fellow riding to *London*, by Chance casting his Eyes upon a Sign, read these Words, Here are Horses to be Lett 1664, which was the Year when the Sign was first set up : But he imagining it to be the Number of Horses, turned to his Companion and said, So many Horses in one Place to be hired, I much wonder what shift they make for Stable Room.

A lusty Gallant that had wasted much of his Patrimony, seeing Master *Dutton*, a Gentleman, in a Gown not of the newest Cut, told him that he thought it had been his Great Grandfather's Gown : It is so (said Master *Dutton*) and I have also my Great Grandfather's Lands, which is more than you can say.

A pert Banker's Clerk having a mind to be witty with a Person of low Stature, who used frequently to use his Shop, told him he was informed he was to do the Part of *Tom Thumb* in an Entertainment performed at *Drury-Lane*, called the Tragedy of Tragedies, or Life and Death of *Tom Thumb* the Great. The Person told him he was quite mistaken ; but if I was to attempt that Character (says he) I make no Doubt but a great many
Tom

Tom Fools would come to see me, and am partly sure you would grace the House with your Presence.

A Nobleman of this Nation famous for his mad Tricks, on a Time having taken Physick, which he perceiving that it began well to work, called up his Man to go for a Surgeon presently, and to bring his Instruments with him directly; the Surgeon comes in all Speed, to whom my Lord related, that he found himself much addicted to Women, and therefore it was his Will that the Cause of it should be taken away, and therefore commanded him forthwith to prepare his Instruments ready for to geld him. So the Surgeon forthwith prepared accordingly, and my Lord told him that he would not see it done, and therefore he must do his Work the Back Way: So both Parties being contented, my Lord makes ready and holds up his A---, and when he perceived the Surgeon very near him, he lets fly full in his Face, which made the Surgeon step back; but coming presently on again, Hold, hold, (saith my Lord) I will better consider of it, for I see the retentive Faculty is very weak at the very Approach of such keen Instruments.

There was a Lady of the West Country that gave great Entertainment at her House to most of the gallant Gentlemen and Ladies thereabouts; amongst others, Sir *Walter Raleigh* was one: This Lady (though otherwise a stately Dame) was a notable good Housewife, and in the Morning betimes she called to one of her Maids that look'd to the Swine, and asked, Are the Swine served? Sir *Walter Raleigh's* Chamber was just by the Lady's, so as he heard her. A little before Dinner the Lady came down in great State into the Great Chamber, which was full of Gentlemen; and as soon as Sir *Walter Raleigh* set Eye upon her, Madam, saith he, are the Pigs served? the Lady answered, You know best whether you have had your Breakfast.

An old Bawd being, as she supposed, on her Death Bed, was importuned by one who had been a constant Customer to her House, that she would put a Girl into his Hand,
not

not only handsome, but wholesome; which she accordingly promised; and to that End called up for one, who appearing, the Gentleman was not in all respects satisfied concerning her; he therefore pressed her hard to know assuredly, whether she was according as the old Bawd promised; to which she answered, that she was, and farther left it to him to judge, with what Comfort and Confidence she could expect to meet her Saviour, if she should leave the World with a Lie in her Mouth.

When Sir *Thomas More* was Lord Chancellor, he did use at Mass to sit in the Chancel, and his Lady in a Pew; and because the Pew stood out of Sight, his Gentleman-Usher after Service came to his Lady's Pew, and said, Madam, my Lord is gone. So when the Chancellor's Place was taken from him, the next time they went to Church Sir *Thomas* himself came to his Lady's Pew, and said, Madam, my Lord is gone.

On a Pint of CLARET.

Two Gentlemen coming into a Tavern, one of them called for a Pint of Claret; Why, do you love Claret? said the other; for my part, I'll see it burnt before I'll drink a Drop of it.

When Queen *Mary* told *M. Haywood* the great Epigrammatist, that the Priests must forego their Wives, he merrily answered, Your Grace then must allow them Lemons, for the Clergy cannot live without Sauce.

The above *Haywood* being ask'd by the said Queen, What Wind blew him to Court? answered her, Two especially, the one to see your Majesty. We thank you for that, said Queen *Mary*; but I pray what is the other? That your Grace, said he, might see me.

Of RAPE-SEED.

A handsome young Fellow having seen a Play at *Colchester*, after it was done came to one of the Players, and desired of him if Leisure would permit to accept a Bottle

of

of Wine for his better Acquaintance; which being accepted, the Player desired him to go as far as the King's Head, and he would as soon as he had made himself ready attend on him there. In the mean time, to keep him Company, he desired a Friend of his to go along with him, promising to come to them instantly; but staying a pretty space, his Friend desired to be excused, he having some Business to do, but engaged to be there in a quarter of an Hour. The Player comes in the mean time, and finding the Gentleman alone, when his Friend came he began to chide him for his Absence; he presently craved Pardon, and begins to excuse himself, that he had been abroad to buy Rape-feed. At the Word Rape-feed the Man rose from the Table in great Anger, telling the Player that he came in Courtesy to desire his Acquaintance, and to bestow the Wine upon him, not thinking he would have called that Fellow up to abuse him. They wondering what he meant, he proceeded, 'Tis true indeed I was arraigned the last Sessions at *Newgate* for a Rape; but I thank God I came off like an honest Man, little thinking to be twitted with it here. Both began to excuse themselves, pleading Ignorance of the Knowledge of any such thing. But he that gave the Offence thinking it better to express his Innocence, Young Gentleman, said he, to show you how far I was from any Intention of wronging you, look you here, as I have Rape-feed in one Pocket, so here is Hemp-feed in the other. At which Word Hemp-feed, said the young Man, Why, Villain, dost thou think I have deserved Hanging? and took up the Pot to fling at his Head. But his Hand was stayed; and as Error and Mistake began the Quarrel, so Wine ended it.

A Lady sending her Servant to know what was acted that Day, one of the Players told him, 'Tis Pity she was a Whore, (a Play so called); which the Fellow misunderstanding, told them they were base Rogues to call his Lady Whore, who was as honest a Woman as any of their Mothers.

On a PLAY BOOK.

One having a Play Book, called the Wits, which he much valued, by Chance lost it, for which he fell into a very great Passion. One of his Friends coming in in the Interim, and asking the Cause of his Distemper, it was answered, that he had lost his Wits.

Haywood was told, that *Pace* being a Master of Arts had disgraced himself with wearing a Fool's Coat; he answered, It is less hurtful to the Common-Weal when wise Men go in Fools Coats, than when Fools go in wise Men's Gowns.

An ignorant CONSTABLE.

Two Gentlemen of *Stepney* going homewards over *Moorfields* about Twelve o'Clock at Night, were stay'd by an impertinent Constable with many frivolous Questions, more by half to shew his Office than his Wit; one whereof was, if they were not afraid to go home at that Time of the Night? They answered, No. Well, said he, I shall let you pass this Time; but if you should be both murdered before you get home, you cannot but report that there was a very good Watch kept in *Moorfields*.

On the HANGMAN.

One hearing that the Hangman was forced to noose up the Vintner's Boy at *Ratcliff-Cross* twice before he was dead, said, that he thought the Hangman had thereby so much discredited his Place, that after his Death an honest Man would scarcely accept of it.

On a drunken HUSBAND.

A Fellow that was drunk fell a beating his Wife, telling her of many Faults that she had committed; to which she answered, You tell me of a great many Crimes,

Crimes, but you will not stand to a Word of what you say.

On a Country-man and **CONSTABLE.**

A simple Country-man having Term Business at *London*, and being somewhat late abroad in the Night, was staid by a Constable and somewhat hardly intreated; the poor Man observing how imperiously he commanded him, asked him who he was? To which he replied, I am the Constable, and this is my Watch: And I pray you, Sir, (said the Man) for who do you watch? The Constable replied, I watch for the King. For the King? said the Countryman simply; then you may let me pass quietly home to my Lodging, for I can give you a Certificate from some of my Neighbours who are now in Town, that I am not the King, but Gaffer Jobson of *Derbyshire*.

The Reversion of a **HOUSE.**

One came bragging from the Court of Aldermen, overjoyed with the obtaining a Suit; for, saith he, they have promised me the Lease of the next House that falls: To whom one standing by replied, But had it been my Case, I should rather have petitioned for a House that had stood.

A young Maid married to an old Man, was observed on the Day of Marriage to be somewhat dull, which one of her Bridemen observing, bid her be cheary, and told her, that an old Horse would hold out as long and as well as a young one in Travel: To which she answered (stroking down her Belly with her Hand) but not in this Road, Sir.

A Seaman coming before the Judges of the Admiralty for admittance into Office in a Ship bound for the *Indies*, was by one of the Judges much slighted as an insufficient Person for that Office which he sought to acquire; the Judge telling him he believed he could not say the Points of his Compass: The Seaman answered, Better than your Worship can say your Pater Noster: The Judge replied,
he

he would wager Twenty Shillings with him of that. The Seaman took him up, and it came to Trial; the Seaman begun and said all the Points of his Compass very exact; the Judge said his Pater Noster, and when he had finished he required the Wager, because the Seaman was to say his Compass better than he his Pater Noster. Nay, hold, quoth the Seaman, the Wager is not finished, for I have but half done; so he immediately said his Compass backward very exactly, which the Judge failing of in his Pater Noster, the Seaman carried away the Prize.

They feign a Tale of *Sextus Quintus*, that after his Death he went to Hell, and the Porter of Hell said to him, You have some reason to offer yourself to this Place, but yet I have Orders not to receive you: You have a Place of your own, Purgatory, you may go thither. So he went away and sought Purgatory a great while, but could find no such Place: Upon that he took heart and went to Heaven and knocked, and Saint Peter asked who was there? He said, *Sextus* Pope; whereunto Saint Peter said, Why do you knock, you have the Key? *Sextus* answered; It is true, but it is so long since they were given, I doubt the Wards of the Lock are altered.

One was saying, that his Great Grandfather, Grandfather, and Father died at Sea; said another that heard him, Were I as you, I would never go to Sea: Why, saith he, where did your Great Grandfather, Grandfather, and Father die? He answered, In their Beds to be sure; saith the other, Then were I as you I would never go to Bed.

An old Gentleman full of his Fatherly Authority, says to his Son, Sirrah you shall marry Miss *Toothless* with Ten Thousand Pounds, or I'll disinherit you; and if I don't dance at your Wedding to-morrow, I shall be very glad to cry at your Grave: That's a Bull, Father, says the Son. A Bull! why how now, ungrateful Sir? what, I suppose I made thee a Man that you should make me a Beast.

Master *Mason* of *Trinity* College sent his Pupil to another of the Fellows to borrow a Book of him, who told

told him, I am loth to lend my Books out of my Chamber; but if it please thy Tutor to come and read it in my Chamber, he may as long as he will. It was Winter, and some Days after the same Fellow sent to Mr. *Mason* to borrow his Bellows; but Mr. *Mason* said to his Pupil, I am loth to lend my Bellows out of my Chamber; but if thy Tutor will come and blow the Fire in my Chamber, he shall as long as he will.

Mr. *Savil* being in Company, one of his Companions asked his Opinion touching Poets; who answered, He thought them the best Writers next to those that write Prose.

A notorious Rogue being brought to the Bar, and knowing his Case to be desperate, instead of pleading, took to himself the Liberty of Jestings, and thus said; I charge you in the King's Name to seize and take away that Man (meaning the Judge) in the red Gown, for I stand in danger of my Life because of him.

A Seaman being brought before a Justice for Swearing, was demanded to deposit his Fine, which was Two Shillings; he immediately pulled out Half a Crown, and asked the Justice what was to be paid for Cursing; the Justice told him Sixpence: Why then, says he, Pox take you all for a Pack of Knaves and Fools, and there's Half a Crown, for I will never stand changing of Money.

A Woman being suspected by her Husband for Dishonesty, and being by him at last pressed very hard about it, made him a quick Answer, with many Protestations, that she knew no more of what he said than the Man in the Moon: Now the Captain of the Ship called ~~the Moon~~ the Moon, was the very Man she so much loved.

A Welchman being at the Sessions House, and seeing the Prisoners hold up their Hands at the Bar, told some of his Acquaintance that the Judges were good Fortune-tellers; for if they did but look upon their Hands, they could certainly tell whether they should live or die.

The Thief's DESTINY.

A Fellow being tried for his Life before a Judge, alledged for himself, that he could not avoid it, because it was his Destiny that he should steal: If so, said the Judge, know also 'tis your Destiny to be hanged.

The Distressed MARINER.

A Mariner in a great Storm prayed devoutly to the Virgin *Mary*, promising her if she would deliver them from that Danger, when he came on Shore he would offer at her Altar a Candle as big as the Main-mast of his Ship; which when one of his Companions over-heard, he jogged him on the Elbow, telling him it was impossible to be done; Tush (said he) we must now speak her fair, because we are in Trouble; but if I get safe on Shore, I will make her be content with one of Six in the Pound.

A Medicine for the TOOTH-ACH.

A Gentleman and a Gentlewoman sat together talking, which Gentleman had a great Pain in one of his Teeth, and said, Mistress, I have a Tooth in my Head that grieveth me sore, I would it were in your Tail; to whom she answered, In faith, Sir, if it was in my Tail it could do but little Good; but if there be any thing in my Tail that can do your Tooth good, I would it were in it.

A new married Couple going to Bed, says the Bridegroom to his Bride, My Dear, you should not lay in this Room by yourself, because 'tis haunted by my Grandfather's Ghost; but as I am with you, you need not fear, for when the Ghost appears I'll screen you. They had not laid long before the Bridegroom wanted to screen his lovely Bride; he takes her Shoe, and gave three knocks against the Side of the Bed with the Heel, and tells her the Ghost is coming; they both crowd together as close as Wax; the first time she seemed a little surprised (for, observe, she had never seen a Ghost before); so he

takes the Shoe and knocks again some time after, and cries, Here's the Ghost ; so he screens her as before; not thinking she had seen him take the Shoe: But she was resolved to give him Tit for Tat. About ten Minutes after, she slyly takes the Shoe herself, and gives three Knocks with it, crying out, Husband, here's the Ghost : But he told her it was only Fancy, for he never walked above twice a Night.

Heywood perceiving one riding that had a Lady of no great Repute behind him, said, In good faith, Sir, I would say that your Horse was overladen, if I did not perceive the Person you carry were very light.

Lame V E R S E S.

One was telling his Friend of some Verses which he made as he was riding upon the Road, on a trotting Horse; to whom the other answered, Nay, if you had not told me, I should know by your Verses what pace your Horse went.

A Gentleman whose Beer was better hopp'd than malted, had invited *Heywood* to dine with him; at Table he asked him how he liked his Beer, and whether it was well hopped? Yes, by my faith (says he) it is very well hopped; but if it had hopped a little farther it would have hopped into the Water.

A Fellow that was notoriously known to have been in an Infurrection, was brought before a Justice of Peace; Sirrah, says the Justice, you shall be hanged if the Laws will do it; you are a notorious Rogue, I remember you ever since the last Resurrection.

Dun, that kept the *Mermaid Tavern* in *Cornhill*, being himself in a Room with some witty Gallants; one of them (which it seems knew his Wife) boldly cried out in a fantastick Humour, I'll lay Five Pounds there's a Cuckold in the Company, 'Tis *Dun*, says another.

The Country Fellow and Judge.

A Country-man was subpoenaed for a Witness upon a Trial of an Action of Defamation at a Quarter Sessions holden in the Country ; he being sworn, the Judge bid him say the very same Words that he had heard spoken. The Fellow was loth to speak, and hum'd and haw'd for a good Space ; but being urged by the Judge, he at last spoke, My Lord, said he, you are a Rogue ; the Judge seeing the People begin to laugh, called to him and said, Speak to the Jury, for there were Twelve of them.

One who was reproving his Friend for drinking too much, said, If he lived long that kind of Life, he would die shortly.

A Maid named *Coney*, who was of a free jolly Disposition, a Gentleman happened to lodge in the same House, whose name was *Parsley* ; being asked one Day how he liked Mrs. *Cunny* ; Very well, says he, but I should like her much better if she was stuffed with *Parsley*.

The Unthrift and Sweetheart.

A Fellow that was a great Spendthrift, told his Sweetheart that he loved her like any Thing. What Thing do you mean, said she ? Any thing, Sweetheart, quoth he. Then (replied she) do not love me like Money, for then I'm sure you will not keep me long.

A Minister that was blind came to speak with a Gentleman that was a great Benefactor to him ; the Gentleman's Servant ran hastily to his Master, saying, Sir, the old blind Minister is come to see you.

One having bought a Pair of Virginals, a Friend of his viewing them, said, they were much decayed ; for the Sound-board was rotten. That's a Bull, replied he, a sound Board and rotten too.

One

One being asked what Country-man he was, he answered a *Middlesex* Man; the other told him, he was neither Male nor Female then, but of a Middle Sex; he must then be an Hermophrodite.

A Gentleman that bore a Spleen to another, meeting him in the Street, gave him a Box on the Ear; the other not willing to strike again, puts it off with a Jest, asking whether it was in Jest or Earnest: The other answered, it was in Earnest; I am glad of that, said he, for if it had been in Jest, I should have been very angry, for I don't like such Jestings; and so passed away from him.

R I D D L E S.

A C A N D L E.

ALL Day long like one that's in Disgrace,
 He resteth in some secret Place,
 And seldom peepeth forth his Head,
 Until Day-light be fully fled:
 When in the Maid's or Good-wife's hand,
 The Gallant first had Grace to stand;
 Whence to a Hole they him apply,
 Where he will both live and die.

The S U N.

I view the World in little Space,
 Am always restless, changing Place;
 No Food I eat, but by my Power
 Procure what Millions do devour.

Country DANCING.

In shaping me both Sexes join,
 Who must in fit Embraces twine ;
 And grow with mutual Motions warm,
 Ere they compleat my mystick Form.
 I please (though from the Country sprung)
 The City and the Courtly Throng ;
 I oft promote the balmy Kifs,
 And Musick heightens much the Bliss :
 By me engag'd, you ne'er can doze,
 Yet I procure the soft Repose ;
 And (which increases more your Mirth)
 Both Sexes labour at my Birth.

A ROLLING-PIN.

What's that in which good Housewives take delight,
 Which tho' it has no Legs, will stand upright ;
 'Tis often us'd, both Sexes must agree,
 Beneath the Navel, yet above the Knee ;
 At the End it has a Hole, 'tis stiff and strong,
 Thick as a Maiden's Wrists, and pretty long :
 To a soft Place 'tis very oft apply'd,
 And make the thing 'tis us'd to, still more wide :
 The Women love to wriggle it to and fro,
 That what lies under may the wider grow :
 By giddy Sluts sometimes it is abus'd,
 But by good Housewives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
 That it may fitter for their Purpose be,
 When they to occupy the same are free :
 Now tell me, merry Ladies, if you can,
 What this must be that is no Part of Man.

A Robin Redbreast.

I'm called by the Name of a Man,
Yet am as little as a Mouse;
When Winter comes I love to be,
With my red Target, near a House.

The Heart of Man, a Triangular Figure, the Beginning of Love.

What Part of Man may that Part be,
That is an Implement of Three;
And yet a Thing of so much stead,
No Woman would without it wed:
And by which thing, or had or lost,
Each Marriage is quite made or lost.

A Book tied with a Silken Lace.

What is that is as white as Snow,
And yet as black as any Crow;
And more pliant than a Wand,
Tied in a Silken Band;
And every Day a Prince's Peer
Looks on it with a Mirth that's clear.

A Worm bred in a Book.

Learning hath bred me, yet I know no Letter,
I have liv'd among Books, yet am never the better;
I have eaten up the Muses, yet know not a Verse,
What Student is this, I pray you rehearse.

A S H O E.

Tho' a good Soul I have, yet I can't hope to be fav'd,
 And in this World from the first to the last am enslav'd ;
 With Irons they torture and tear my poor Hide,
 And send me out naked ; yet such is my Pride,
 That in every Assembly I strive for the Lead,
 Tho' it must be confess'd I am far from the Head :
 My Office the basest, my Food of the worst,
 And tho' cram'd with raw Flesh, till I'm ready to burst, }
 Should I offer to pouch, am most damnably curst ;
 For my Learning, it will a mere Paradox show,
 Tho' I understand great things, yet nothing I know :
 Tho' thus mean in myself, even Kings I support, }
 Have Access to the Fair, and familiar at Court,
 And at Ball have the principal Share in the Sport.

A P E N.

I have not to boast of much Humour or Wit,
 The thing that I'm priz'd for is mostly a Slit ;
 I'm black at the Bottom, but if you look higher,
 I'm as white and as smooth as a Man can desire ;
 To the Lover's soft Passion I often give Ease,
 Who wriggle me up and down just as they please :
 By turns I every Man's Humour can suit, }
 The King, Lords and Commons, and Bishops to boot,
 Who finger me stoutly whene'er they come to it.
 At first, tho' perhaps for one's use I was made,
 Yet if more should try me, they'd find me no Jade.
 I cut a great Figure throughout the whole Nation,
 And give all your Hearts in their turn Palpitation.

E P I G R A M S.

The Relation betwixt Lawyers and Physicians.

THE Medic heals the Body, Lawyers prate
To cure the Falling Sicknefs of Estate;
Both will affist each Moment whilst you live,
If you subfist each Moment to give give.

On BARDELLA the Mantuan Thief.

A Monk *Bardella* to be hang'd cheer'd up,
And faid, To-night in Heaven thou fhalt fup;
Bardell reply'd, This I keep Fasting Day,
If you please to accept my Place you may.

On a certain Old Man.

Your Beard, once black, Old Age hath frosted grey;
Your Mind, once white, is turn'd to black they fay.

The humble Petition of the AUTHOR.

I pray don't let thefe Sheets Tobacco light,
But rather ufe it when you go to fh---e.

Chloe with Pleafure doth my Rhimes rehearfe,
Tho' ſhe loves ſomething better than a Verſe.

On MARRIAGE.

Discords make sweetest Musick ; by this Fate
 Marriage must surely be a happy State :
 Some call it a happy Union betwixt two,
 And so it is, for when *Tom* scolds so does *Sue*.

The CAUTION.

My good Friend, you had better quit making of Rhimes,
 For 'tis curst hard Work in these vast witty Times :
 And if you have nothing to trust to but Rhiming and Verse, }
 There is surely entail'd upon you a very great Curse, }
 For of all Trades and Professions a Poet's the worst.

On Dr. BOND.

Doctor *Bond*, to avoid all future Strife,
 Riding before turn'd back to kiss his Wife ;
 And was not Doctor *Bond* then wondrous kind,
 Riding before to kiss his Wife behind ?

On RUBINUS.

Rubinus is extreme in Eloquence,
 For he creates rare Phrase, but little Sense.
 Unto his Serving-man, *alias* his Boy,
 He utters Speech exceeding quaint and coy,
 Diminutive and my defective Slave,
 My Pleasures Pleasure is that I must have,
 My Corps Coverture, and immediately,
 *T' insconce my Person from Frigidity.

His

His Man believ'd all *Welch* his Master spoke,
Till he rails *English*, Rogue go fetch my Cloak.

Directions for the Physician.

Take the second Fee while the sick Hand giveth it.

Directions for the Patient.

But if Diseases thou hast none,
Let the Physician then alone ;
For he thereby may purge thy Purse,
And make thy Body ten times worse.

A Diamond and Glafs
Is Pen and Ink for an Afs,

On a PRISON.

A Prison is a Place of Care,
A Grave for Men alive,
A Touchstone for to try a Friend,
No Place for Men to thrive.

On PERFUMES.

They that smell least, smell best ; which intimates,
They smell like Beasts that smell like Civet Cats.

*One Collingborn, an Esquire, made this Verse on King
Richard the Third, for which he was hang'd, drawn, and
quartered.*

*The Cat, the Rat, and Lowel our Dog,
Rule all England under a Hog.*

On a Good Fellow.

*He's no Good Fellow, that's without the P---x,
Burnt Pipes, Tobacco, and his Tinder Box.*

On PHYSICIANS.

*Physicians are most miserable Men,
That cannot be deny'd;
For they're ne'er truly well but when
Most Men are ill beside.*

To my Courteous Readers.

*If you applaud all that here is writ,
It will clearly shew you have no Wit;
But if you're splenetick and discommend them all,
You're then what we the envious Critick call.*

On MARRIAGE.

*One Bed may hold a loving Man and Wife,
But the whole House can't when they are at Strife.*

This

This on Mr. T. N.

If Heav'n be pleas'd when Men do cease to sin,
And Hell be pleas'd, when it a Soul doth win ;
If Men be pleas'd when they have lost a Knave,
Then be all pleas'd when T. N. is in the Grave.

On FRANCES.

Frank Flesh is free, and yet it is not free,
Strange this may seem to some how it should be ;
Frank Flesh is free to any who so pleases,
Frank Flesh is not free from *French* Diseases.

BESS's Bravery.

Bess does not only hide her Privy Ware,
But Breast and Neck, where coyest Maids go bare ;
Yet there is one foul unbeseeming Place
Uncover'd left. What call you that ? her Face.

An Answer to an impertinent Letter.

Sitting sh——g I received your Letter,
The more I read, it made me sh—t the better ;
And being in a Place where there was no Grass.
I took your Letter and wip'd my A---se.

On a DWARF.

A Dwarf upon a Pismire's Back,
Did get him up to ride ;
He deem'd a tamed Elephant
He did as then bestride :

Btu

But while he did advance himself,
To hold upon his Back ;
He tumbled down and had a Fall,
That made his Guts cry Quack.
When as the Dwarf was thus unhorst,
Each laugh, both great and small ;
Why laugh you, Master ? quoth the Dwarf,
Why, *Phaeton* had a Fall.

Myfus and Mopfa.

Myfus and *Mopfa* hardly can agree,
Striving about Superiority ;
The Text which faith, that Man and Wife are one,
Was the chief Argument they stood upon ;
She held they both one Woman should become,
He held they should be Man, and both but one.
So they contended daily ; but the Strife
Could not be ended, till both were one Wife.

On HEALTH.

Health is a Jewel, rich, which when we buy,
Physicians value it accordingly.

On EPIGRAMS.

An Epigram that's new, sharp, neat, and witty,
Is like a Wench, that's handsome, young, and pretty ;
Whilst they are private they are much respected,
Once common, tho' still good, they are neglected.

On an old Leacher.

Smoke the old Fornicator, how stradling he goes,
 Deep in thinking of what must become of his Nose;
 He has got the *French P—x*, and is in great Distress,
 But he swears 'tis all false, and will never confess.
 And pray how should he be troubled with *French Sores*,
 Who never used any but *English Whores*?

The Fencing Master and Physician.

Stand thus (the Fencer cries) thus must you guard,
 Thus must you slip, thus point, thus pass, thus ward;
 And if you kill him, Sir, this Trick learn then,
 • With this same Trick you may kill twenty Men.
 A Doctor standing by, cries, Fencing Fool,
 Both you and he to me may come to School;
 Thou dost but prate, my Deeds shall shew my Skill,
 Where thou hurt'st one, an hundred I do kill.

This Book's the mad World, Verses are the Men,
 Chuse Verse or Man, not one found good in ten.

On DAVID SIMPLE.

Simple was very angry and took offence,
 Because he was told he scarce had Common Sense;
 At last 'twas said he had, and very common too,
 So *Simple* was well pleas'd, and made no more ado.

On Sir Common Critick.

Whilst thou on every thing so fast dost spend
Thy Judgment as 'twould never have an End;
Pry'thee take heed thou spend'st it not so fast,
To leave thyself no Judgment at the last.

To all those from whom I for Rewards can't look,
Even to pay for the Sewing of my Book;
Much less the Printing; why should I then present
It to them unless't be out of Compliment?
Such Compliments I don't like as those,
Where one can get nothing but is sure to lose.

E P I T A P H S.

On a very discontented Person.

HERE lyeth he,
Who with himself could ne'er agree.

A N O T H E R.

Here lies the Man who in Life
With every Man had Law and Strife;
But now he is dead and laid in Grave,
His Bones no quiet Rest can have;
For lay your Ear unto this Stone,
And you shall hear how every Bone

Doth

Doth knock and beat againſt each other :
Pray for his Soul's Health, gentle Brother.

On a USURER.

Here lies at leaſt ten in the hundred,
Shackled up faſt both Hands and Feet,
That at ſuch as lent Money gratis wonder'd,
The Gain of Uſury was ſo ſweet ;
But thus being now of Life bereaven,
'Tis a hundred to ten he's ſcarce gone to Heaven.

Here lieth he who was born and cry'd,
Told threſcore Years, fell ſick and dy'd.

Here lies a Gallant, a Gentleman of Note,
Who when alive could never change a Groat.

On a MILLER.

Death without queſtion was as bold as brief,
When he kill'd two in one, Miller and Thief.

Here lies *Tom Daſh*, that notable Railer,
Who never paid Shoemaker or Taylor,

On a Taylor who dy'd of a Stitch.

Here *Stitch* the Taylor in his Grave doth lie,
Who by a Stitch did live, and by it die.

One Stone ſufficeth (ſee what Death can do)
Her that in Life was not content with two.

Here

Here lieth C. under Ground,
As wife as L. thousand Pound.
He never refused the Wine of his Friend;
Drink was his Life, and Drink was his End.

On one Burbidge, a famous Tragedian.

Exit Burbidge.

On THOMAS NICKS.

Here lies Thomas Nicks's Body,
Who liv'd a Fool, and dy'd a Noddy.
As for his Soul, ask them that can tell,
If Fools Souls go to Heaven or Hell.

*On Timothy Gripe, a queer old avaricious Fellow, that
would part with nothing while he lived, till Death obliged
him to part with all.*

Here lies he underneath this Stone,
That whilst he liv'd did good to none;
And therefore at the Point to die,
More Cause had some to laugh than cry.

On a Wrestler.

Death to this Wrestler gave a fine Fall,
That tript up his Heels and took no hold at all.

On a wicked Clergyman.

Here lies Doctor Drybones the wicked Parson,
Without Cushion or Stool to lay his A--- on,

Who

Who when in his Pulpit against Whoring rail'd,
 Tho' he lik'd a Girl that was pretty light tail'd;
 After Sermon he'd go himself to refresh,
 The Spirit is weak, and submits to the Flesh.

An Epitaph on Mr. T. N.

Under this silent Tomb-stone here doth lie
 A Wretch that's neither fit to live nor die;
 And if in t'other World there's Devil to punish Sin,
 We all in this World may conclude the Devil has him.

*On a Lecher, for whom 'tis said the Devil took the Form of
 a young Woman, and lay with him.*

This Man did live like a lascivious Ape,
 Spending his Strength in sensual Lust and Pleasure;
 The Devil did assume a Female shape,
 To humour him, and give his Lust full Measure:
 The Grave's his Bawd, the Devil was his Whore,
 H'has now enough that ne'er was cloy'd before.

On the Proverb, Quot Capita tot Sententia.

So many Heads, so many Wits, fie fie,
 Is't not a Shame for Proverbs thus to lye?
 Myself, tho' my Acquaintance be but small,
 Know many Heads that have no Wit at all.

Here lieth Willing Wills,
 With his Head full of Windmills.

On old Tho. Churchyard, the poor Court Poet.

Come, *Alecio*, and lend me thy Torch,
To find a Churchyard in the Church Porch;
Poverty and Poetry this Tomb doth enclose,
Therefore Gentlemen be merry in Prose.

On a D Y E R.

He that dyed so oft in Sport,
Dyed at last no Colour for it.

On Rich Hewitt.

Here lies *Rich Hewitt*, a Gentleman of Note,
For why? he gave three Owls in his Coat;
You see he is buried in the Church of *St. Paul*,
He was wise because rich, and now you know all.

On one that was Blind and Deaf.

Here lies *Dick Freeman*,
That could not hear or see Man.

On a Butcher that married a Tanner's Daughter.

A fitter Match hath never been,
The Flesh is married to the Skin.

On a Goldsmith that tip'd a Stone Jug with Silver.

He that did tip Stone Jugs about the Brim,
Met with a black Pot, and that Pot tipt him.

On

On Man's Life.

Man is a Glas, Life is as Water,
That's weakly wall'd about ;
Sin brings in Death, Death breaks the Glas,
So runs the Water out.

On a young Gentlewoman.

Here lies a Woman, no Man can deny it,
That rests in Peace, altho' she liv'd unquiet ;
Her Husband prays, if by her Grave you walk,
You'll gently tread, for if wak'd she'll talk.

On a Collier.

Here lies a Collier, *John* of *Nasbes*,
By whom Death nothing gain'd he swore ;
For living he was Dust and Ashes,
And being dead he is no more.

On Mr. William Tooper.

Here lies good Mr. *Tooper*, whose Christian Name's *Will*,
Who when alive freely would drink off his Gill,
And yet he complains that he's not had his fill. }

*Diogenes's Epitaph, written on his Tomb, with a Dog
standing over it.*

Tell me, Dog, whose Tomb is this ?
A Dog's : What Dog ? *Diogenes* ;

D 2

Diogenes !

Diogenes! Why died he?
Because no Honesty he could see.

On Sir John Calf, who died in King Henry the third's Reign.

All Christian Men in my behalf,
Pray for the Soul of Sir *John Calf*;
O cruel Death, as subtle as a Fox,
Who would not let this Calf live till he had been an Ox,
That he might have eaten both Brambles and Thorns,
And when he came to his Father's Years might have worn
(Horns.

*On an ancient Knight, Sir Jernegan, buried cross-legged
at Somerly in Suffolk.*

Jesus Christ, both God and Man,
Save thy Servant *Jernegan*.

On a Bald Pate.

Here lieth *John Baker*, wrapped in Mold,
Who never gave Penny to have his Head poll'd ;
Now the Pox and the Plague light on such a Device,
That undid the Barber, and starved the Lice.

*On one who lived a very wicked Life, he was buried in the
Night without any Ceremony, under the name of Menalcas.*

Here lieth *Menalcas* as dead as a Log,
That liv'd like a Devil, and dy'd like a Dog ;
Here doth he lye, said I? then say I lie,
For from this Place he parted by and by.

But

But here he made his Descent into Hell,
Without either Book, Candle, or Bell.

*A Gentleman died whose Name was Sands, another of the
same Name who was a Relation had this Epitaph.*

Who would live in other's Breath,
Fame deceives the dead Man's Trust;
When our Names do change by Death,
Sands I was, and now am Dust.

*On Sir Henry Goodyer, of Polesworth, a Knight memo-
rable for his Virtue.*

An ill Year of a Goodyer us bereft,
Who gone to God, much lack of him here left.
Full of good Gifts of Body and of Mind,
Wife, comely, learned, eloquent, and kind.

On a Drunkard.

Here now into this Grave a Man is thrust,
Who is by drinking drunk as dry as Dust.

On a young Gentleman of great Hope, a Student in Oxford.

Short was thy Life,
Yet livest thou ever;
Death hath his due,
Yet diest thou never.

On a Cobler.

Here lies an honest Cobler whom curst Fate,
Perceiving near worn out would needs translate;

'Twas a good thrifty Soul, and Time hath bin,
He would well liquor'd wade through thick and thin;
But now he's gone, 'tis all that can be said.
Honest John Cocker is here under laid.

On Tom Elderton, a free Drinker.

Here is *Elderton* lying in Dust,
Or, lying *Elderton*, chuse which you lust;
Here he lies dead, I do him no wrong,
For who knew him standing all his Life long.

On Hugh Peters.

Here lies the first and last Edition
Of *Hugh* the Teacher of Sedition;
Whose fatal Thread, that Thread of Life,
Was cut in two by Squire *Dun's* Knife:
His Jests and Drolls could not him save,
To go untimely to his Grave;
Mean time *Tyburn* felt the Loss,
That he was hang'd at *Charing-cross*.

On an old Usurer.

Here lies Ten in the Hundred,
In the Ground fast ram'd;
'Tis a Hundred to Ten
But his Soul is damn'd.

*An Epitaph designed for Ned Robinson, as dead as any
Man living.*

Here lies *Ned Robinson's* Body,
Who when alive, was reckon'd a Noddy;

Pray

Pray tread softly, and don't make a Pother,
For if you do it will wake your Brother.

On a Lascivious Poet.

A Poet lies arrested here by Death,
Who honour'd Lust, and made it run in Rhimes;
The World lost nothing but infected Breath,
Nor gain'd he even by his hateful Crimes:
All that he left, or to adorn his Herse,
Or pay his Debts, was only Bawdy Verse.

On a famous Courtezan.

Here's painted Vice that did deceive the World,
Her Lust had caused Cankers in her Throat;
She dy'd upon't, and in this Grave was hurl'd,
By this you know she was a Whore of Note;
'Cause she was light and full of wanton Mirth,
She's clos'd about with heavy-hearted Earth.

V A R I O U S F A N C I E S .

The Lawyer's Plea.

Which may be read backwards or forwards.

Si nummi immunis.

The English is.

Give me my Fee,
And I warrant you free.

He that loves Glas without a G,
Leave out L, and that is he.

Evank is a Word of Fame,
Spell it backward it is your Name.

To be read backwards or forwards.

Lewd did I live, and evil did I dwell.

On CROMWELL.

The Heart of a Loaf, and the Head of a Spring,
Is the Name of the Man that murder'd the King.

Acrostick on TIME.

T ime with his Scythe brings all to their last Home,
I n vain to plead, none can withstand his Doom;
M onarchs by Death's Triumphant Hand are made
E qual i' th' Grave unto the Scythe and Spade.

Acrostick on MALT.

M alt is the Grain of which we make strong Ale,
A le is the Liquor that doth make us merry;
L et but a Toast be put in't, 'twill not fail
T o make the Heart light, and to sing Down Derry.

Another Acrostick.

M alt is the Grain by which a Fox we gain,
A le is the Liquor makes our Tongues run quicker;
L et these two boast but th' Honour of a Toast,
T hen set and tipple, 'twill your Senses cripple.

On

On Miss Robinson in Hatton Garden.

A Highwayman's Profession,
Add thereto a Gentleman's Air ;
'Tis one of great Discretion,
That's justly call'd pretty and fair.

On Miss Wilson, in Hampton Town.

That which proves a Legacy just and fair,
You may add to that a Gentleman's Air ;
'Tis the Name of a Lady that's a Stranger to Pride,
With every Accomplishment in Person besides.

A-la-mode, 1756.

The Dress in the Year fifty-four that was worn,
Is laid in the Grave, and new Fashions are born ;
Then hear what our good Correspondents advance,
'Tis the Pink of the Mode, and 'tis dated from *France*,
Let your Cap be a Butterfly slightly hung on,
Like the Shell of a Lapwing just hatch'd on her Crown ;
Behind like a Soldier you must well plat your Hair,
Stick a Flower before few-whif with an air,
A large Ruff in frize your Neck must surround,
Turn your Lawns into Gauze, let your Brussels be Blond,
Let your Stomacher reach from Shoulder to Shoulder,
And your Breasts will appear much fairer and bolder :
Wear a Gown or a Sack as your Fancy prevail,
But with Flounces and Furbelows ruffle your Tail ;
Let your Hoop shew your Stockings and Legs to your
And leave Men as little to guess as they please: [Knees,
For

For other small Ornaments do as before,
 Wear Ribbands a Hundred and Ruffles a Score;
 Let your Talk like your Dress be fantastick and odd,
 And you'll shine in the Mall; 'tis *Taste a-la-mode*.

Fancies upon WORDS.

| | |
|-----------------------------|--------|
| He that's devoted to the | Glass, |
| The Dice, or a lascivious | Lass, |
| At his own Price is made an | Ass. |

| | |
|----------------------------|--------|
| He that is greedy of the | Grape, |
| On Reason doth commit a | Rape, |
| And changeth Habit with an | Ape. |

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| The Lover whose Devotion | Flies |
| Up to the Sphere where Bounty | Lies, |
| Makes Burning Glasses of his | Eyes. |

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| If long he to that Idol | Pray, |
| His Sight by Love's inflaming | Ray |
| Is lost for ever and for | Ay. |

On a TOAST.

A Toast is like a Sot, or what is most
 Comparative, a Sot is like a Toast,
 For when their Substances in Liquor sink,
 Both properly are said to be in drink.

On Miss Manlove, in Hatton-Garden.

You may call *Adam* what you will,
 He was a Man you're sensible;
 And the softest of Passions to which we all submit,
 Is the Name of a Lady that has Youth, Beauty and Wit.

A Sketch of *Hipsley's Drunken Man*, as it was performed by Mr. *Sbuter*, at the *Theatre Royal* in *Covent-Garden*.

Scene, a Table and Chair, with Pipes and Tobacco on the Table.

Enter a Drunken Man, with a Quart Mug in his Hand.

WHY Betty, Betty—that Jade keeps running up Stairs all Day and never comes down again—Get me a Pint of all Ale—Do you hear me?—You may dash it with a little Beer, for I hate mixt Liquors—let it be all Ale (he sits down, and with lighting his Pipe he sets Fire to his Wig)—Why I shall be light-headed presently—There's my Lord what de call him, and t'other Lord, and a great many Noblemen of my Acquaintance—So my Lord's Horse lost the first Heat, and won the second—so says I—My Lord, I hear your Horse came first at last—So the Bull, the Bull broke loose—and ran down a Street, and went up Stairs into a Dancing School—which frighted all the little Misses—One Miss having more Courage than all the rest, for her Father's a Taylor—So she flung her Cambrick Handkerchief, and bit him just over the Forehead—tho' it did not hurt him much—I wonder whether it's true, I was told last night by Sir Gregory Gazette, who is a very great Politician, and knows what's in all the Papers before they are printed,

printed, that the French King was with Child, and the Pope was to stand Godmother; I think the Pope's a good honest sort of an old Gentlewoman——When will my dear Wife come home, I like her very well; but she is a bitter Enemy to Religion——She knocks her Heels off her Shoes a Saturday, because she wont go to Church a Sundays——There's my Son Tommy I believe will be a very great Scholar,—for he is acquainted with all the best Authors of Antiquity, such as the celebrated History of Jack the Giant Killer, Mother Bunch, Tom Thumb, and a great many more——A young Rogue, he knows I never let him want Books or Money to encourage him in his Learning——and if I live long enough, I dare say Tommy will be as great a Man as e'er a one of the twelve Cæsars——His Uncle came to see him t'other Day to examine him in his Learning. So says he, Tommy my Dear, how many does three and two make? and the young Rogue told him Seven——I always said he would be a great Scholar——And there's my Daughter Bett, little Bett, a pretty little Rogue. One Day as her Mother was Ironing—the Child, 'as most Children will be along with their Mothers when they are doing any Thing notable——as she was standing playing by the Table, she clapt her little Hand on the Box-iron——and the cunning Jade took it off again directly without bidding——I believe Bett wont live long she is so very sensible——I was with Squire Booby last Night at
the

*the Devil—Ab the Squire is a very honest Fellow
 —but will get drunk nine Nights out of the Week—
 I remember he told me I was in liquor some time ago—
 and I was as sober as I am now—So says he, says
 I—you are certainly a very great Fool, for as I hope
 to be say'd I never was in a Beer Barrel in all my
 Life—I remember my Boots were liquored, and best
 Part of my Cloaths—when I was at the Squire's in
 the Country—One Day I only wanted to feel his Cook
 Maid's Garters, for she always gartered above Knee—
 what does she do but takes the Ladle and beats me out
 of the Kitchen, and made me walk through the Horse-
 pond—So I and the Squire went all the way home
 together—he went one Way and I went the other—
 So we wish'd one another good Night—for it was
 damn'd late—past three o' Clock in the Morning—
 And who should I meet but my old Friend Bob Bread-
 basket laid all along in the Kennel—So says he,
 says I—Bob, why don't you get up and go home—
 So says he, I cannot stand—And I being very good na-
 tur'd laid me down by him—So the Watch came
 and ask'd us what we laid there for—I told him we
 were damn'd tired—and were resting ourselves—But
 he told me he must rest us in the Round-house—So
 says I—Let it be round or square if you will lead us, we
 will have a Bottle together Damme—So says he—
 Come Gentlemen, you must go before the Justice—So
 they had us before the Justice, or the Justice's Wife, I
 don't know which—for he ask'd us such a Pack of
 damn'd*

damn'd impertinent Questions, that it was more than I could do to give him a reasonable Answer (Searching his Pockets) I wonder whether I have any Money in my Pockets — for my Wife always searches 'em every Night before she says her Prayers — Well, let me see, I think I'll put it in the Bible, for I'm sure she never looks in that — there is but one Godly Book she takes any delight in — and that's the Whole Duty of Man, witness my pretty little Children that she brings me — Well, I'll go to Bed — for last Night when I wak'd I found myself asleep on the Bottom of the Stairs — Why, Betty, Betty.

(Exit.

F I N I S.



